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istent thing known to us or to any other. It is not anything non-existent or existent; nor do things existent know it as it is; nor does it know existent things as existent. There is no speech, or name, or knowledge of it. It is neither darkness nor light; nor error, nor truth; nor is there universal positing or removal of it. Nay, when we posit and remove those things that come after it, we do not posit or remove it, since the complete and unitary cause of all things is above all positing, and beyond all removal the transcendence of that which is absolutely abstracted from all things and above all things.

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## FRIENDSHIP.

BY LEONORA B. HALSTED.

Friendship, happily, is nothing new; but, for that matter, neither is life; yet each person finds it quite interesting to live and to learn how others have lived; and so it is with the beautiful experience of friendship. Homer sings it in the early literature and Emerson analyzes it in the late; the Old Testament gives us a beautiful example of it, and the New a higher one; one of the chief works of Plato—"The Banquet"—extolled it, and one of the greatest poems of modern times—"In Memoriam"—grew from it as an exquisite plant from earth to light. Yet the subject is inexhaustible, for individuality has its freest play in this relation. Indeed, the friendships we have at the same time with different persons differ as much as they do. The relation changes and rearranges itself incessantly, for each man has various facets to his character; one friend fits to one, another to more than one, but no human being can by any possibility satisfy another at every point continuously.

"We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong clasp,  
We hear their voices, look into their eyes;  
And yet betwixt us in that clinging clasp  
A distance lies."

This distance is the mystery of individuality; and it is curious to see how the sense of it has developed through the ages. Plato, in his famous conversation on love, gives an illustration of the way his age regarded it:

"If, where two who love are together, Vulcan were to stand over them with his tools in his hand and ask them, 'Do ye desire to be in the same place with each other, so as never by day or night to be apart from each other? for, if ye long for this, I am willing to melt you down together and to mould you into the same mass, so that you two may live as one person, and, when ye die, may remain forever in Hades, one soul instead of two.' On hearing this," proceeds Plato, "not a single person would appear to wish for anything else, but would in reality conceive he had heard that which long ago he wished for, and, being melted with his beloved, he would out of two become one."

But Montaigne does not wish an indistinguishable unity that would rob both of the chief joy of love—the joy of giving. "The friend," he says, "is sorry he is not treble or quadruple, and that he has not many souls and many wills to confer them all upon this one object." While, in our own day, individuality has developed so far that Emerson finds it necessary to say, "At times, let us bid even our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, 'Who are you? Unhand me; I will be dependent no more.'" And in his poem somewhat ironically named "Give all to Love," he adjures the lover thus:

"Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved."

But this is the nomadic spirit defying social life and preferring isolation with caprice to freedom attained through the perfect law of liberty.

The true reason for love is the simplest one: "Because it is he; because it is I"; the spontaneous attraction of two characters for each other; the intense and abiding personal element that is as the earth to the plant, that by which it stands firm. But friendship is of the earth, earthy, unless it lifts itself into the light and grows and blossoms ever higher, bearing the fruit of

years of noble and tender experience in common. It cannot be lasting or good while it lasts if its chief strength lies in the employment of the senses. If to see, hear, or feel our friends in the literal meaning of these words is necessary in order to keep our affection alive, it is of small value. Friendship worthy of the name is supersensuous; it is capable of penetrating distance and silence to "coincide in rest" with an absent friend. It sees, hears, and feels without the need of bodily organs, for it lives in a higher atmosphere than that of the body and can command finer forces.

A close personal affection, however, attracts many dangers, chief of which is the desire to enslave. To friendship, on the contrary, freedom is absolutely essential. It is not, like the conjugal, a relation of one to one. There should be free play of individuality not alone of friends toward each other, but of each friend toward all others. The greed of exclusive possession is fatal. Demands in affection are death blows. The friend who asks more than he can command strangles by his clinging embrace. Seek ownership of your friend and you own but yourself, for you push him away. "Violence touches not love." Seek confidence and you repel it. Await it, content whether it hastens or delays, and, unless principle or lack of sympathy prevents, it will be yours in due season. What would hasten it is inconsistent with true friendship. Why should you pry even in thought into the hidden recesses of a friend's life? Do you not trust him, or are you unwilling that he should have any unshared thought or memory? It is like asking him what he has eaten in order to make that face and form. He, as his life has made him, is your friend; "here took his station and degree, one born to love you." Does not this result transcend details? On the other hand, where there is a reason for communicating facts, for telling what kind of food went to produce the spiritual muscle and nerve you admire in your friend, if he is honest and you are sympathetic, he will speak freely. Sympathy has an incalculable power; it is the dynamic force of the world.

But it is not to be expected that so complex a creature as man will find another person with whom he can coalesce in "the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another." Such unity is not found among animals, nor even

plants ; each part in every union maintains its identity, and it would be retrogression for man not to maintain his. Friendship does not require him to sacrifice his individuality, but to enlarge it, for it is simply the spontaneous recognition in one nature of congeniality in another. Congeniality may exist in one portion of the meeting characters and not at all in others. Discrimination, the knowledge of when to withhold no less than when to give, is as essential to friendship as to love. Only an inexperienced person expects to throw his whole weight upon any other person as a child upon its mother, or the soul upon God. It is a childish thought and shows lack of appreciation of the other personality. Nowhere are the niceties of life, the delicacy of penetration, and the tact of usage more necessary than in all forms of affection. Without these, friendship is quickly trampled in the mire, and, if it exists at all, endures only by maintaining itself at a very low level.

So jealousy should be obliterated from friendship. The more friends your friend has, the richer are you, for you share his wealth, his added experience. We can possess fully only by participation. We come more into union with each other as we become more universal. The etymology of this word signifies turning all into one. The more that is done, the more there is to share ; and the less we go outside of a single friend, a single interest, the smaller is our harvest—either to keep or divide. Friendship should reach out many hands to grasp the produce of others, giving of its own in return, and draw them back to feed and beautify those dearest.

The question of supremacy also should not obtrude itself between friends. "You ought to love me more than any other because I love you more than any other" is a wretched claim. The theory of sixpence for sixpence is not suitable to friendship ; it has no business to demand what it is incapable of winning. If a friend can gain and retain affection, so much the better ; if not, whose fault is it so much as his own ? Moreover, the nature that considers itself defrauded if its affection is unreciprocated in degree has much to learn. In material wealth, whom do we consider the richer man ? the one who can give, or the one who can only take ? If you have millions to give away, are you not wealthier than the pauper who has nothing ? And this holds

good of spiritual matters far more deeply. It is more blessed to give than to receive. It is infinitely better to love than to be loved; to be active than passive; to have energy than inertia.

Of course, in friendship as elsewhere the ideal is equality. "Love without love in return is like a question without an answer." Reciprocally to give and take is the most perfect condition, but the mercantile idea of *quid pro quo* should be disclaimed by friends as by lovers. Only in the rarest instances can the degree be the same. The desire to be loved is just and right in its place, but it must be made to keep its place, not usurp attention. The craving for return must be divested of selfishness, must not be a centralized point, but enclose a large circumference, in order not to injure the finer elements of friendship. A man, however, should rejoice in receiving as well as giving. If he does not, he cannot be a true friend, for in receiving reluctantly he deprives his friend of the very joy he himself most appreciates.

Montaigne, who, cynic as he is on some subjects, gross and vulgar in many ways, has yet a wonderfully deep insight into friendship, tells of an example which he considers "very fully to the point."

"Eudamidas, a Corinthian, had two friends, and, coming to die, being poor and his friends rich, made his will after this manner: 'I bequeath to Aretheus the maintenance of my mother, to support and provide for her in her old age; and to Charixenus I bequeath the care of marrying my daughter, and to give her as good a portion as he is able; and in case one of these chances to die, I hereby substitute the other in his place.' They who first saw this will made themselves very merry at the contents, but the heirs accepted the legacies with very great content, and Charixenus dying within five days after, Aretheus nourished the old woman with great care and tenderness; and of five talents he had, gave two and a half in marriage with an only daughter, and two and a half in marriage with the daughter of Eudamidas, and on the same day solemnized both their nuptials. Eudamidas," Montaigne remarks further on, "as a bounty and favor bequeaths to his friends a legacy of employing themselves in his service, and doubtless the force of friendship is more eminently apparent in this act of his than in that of Aretheus."

This is the true point of view. In friendship the receiver shows

even a greater generosity than the giver does, for his feeling is liable to misconstruction, whereas the material generosity is plain to the dullest sense. But the friendships are rare in which one can give or receive material benefit and not strain the relation. Silver and gold are heavy loads for the shoulders of friends to carry; they are apt to bend under the burden and we lose the free carriage our friends liked in us. Where a person feels he is under an obligation to another, if it be only for a dollar, the relation of friendship is disturbed. Love alone is true gratitude and removes all sense of obligation.

“This it was that made me move  
As light as carrier birds in air :  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of love.”

The finest gratitude does not ask for opportunity to return the aid or favor received to the person from whom it came, but appreciates it so keenly that it seeks with eagerness opportunities of passing the good deed on. Thus it transcends the particular instance and broadens into “the general deed of man.”

Emerson scathes the commonplace which enters into our friendships, but it would seem more just to look upon it as the clothing of modesty. The heart must not unveil itself before an imperfect sympathy, and our ordinary remarks on meeting a friend are like the prelude that attunes the singer and his audience before the exquisite melody begins. Or a touch may be all that is necessary for this prelude—a touch on the key-note—so vital is deep emotion. I meet a friend after long years of absence, or a few hours in which much has occurred. We clasp hands, we look in each other's eyes, and the prelude is done; speech can begin with perfect security of comprehension. And to be understood! to understand! this is the chief glory of friendship. That which can be safely left unspoken is the main portion of any heartfelt speech. Words are but indications, buoys in the ocean of the unuttered. If one sees only the buoy, how impossible to convey to him a sense of the infinite sea! “Songs without words,” writes a friend; “a love-letter without words; any one can write a love-letter with words, but I can write and you can read a love-letter without

words." Ay, there it is; the harmony of feeling, the assurance of comprehension, the free ebb and flow of the tides of love out of and into one's being.

These caresses of friendship make the lyre of love vibrate as deeply and sweetly as the other touches of thought and unsensuous feeling. The harmony is the richer for every added chord. Emerson does not appreciate this; he is afraid of being familiar with his friends. He wants to keep them in the highest and most rarefied air. He will talk with them only on the mountain tops. "It would indeed give me a certain household joy," he acknowledges, "to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods."

He forgets that God himself is love, and manifests himself to the lowly in heart, the childlike in spirit. He is terribly afraid of his friends; they are very breakable idols. He goes into the sanctuary only on rare occasions, when by fasting and solitude he has made himself worthy; he walks on tiptoe, he dares hardly breathe for fear the precious piece of rare porcelain will fall and he be left mourning among the fragments. But perfect love casteth out fear. It sweeps aside these brittle gods and walks out into the world accompanied, as by the breath of life, with the living, loving, bending, uplifting friend. Nothing is small to such a friend; a touch of the hand is a heart thrill; a sense of his presence creates an atmosphere of joy; a thought heard together echoes deeply and returns in a musical chord; an idea flashing simultaneously into two minds is like a touch of the Holy Spirit, for friendship as well as religion has its Pentecost.

You are not afraid of your friend's idealizing you; you want him to idealize you to the utmost reach of his capacity; for far from weighting you, it helps you to soar. In the eons of eternity you may become what he thinks you, and in the mean time he inspires you to persevere toward this glorious goal. When you are tempted to fall backward, his ideal holds you firm and helps you forward. Even if you fail him, as yourself, egregiously, you know that his love will take on the form of compassion, and will rescue you if rescue be possible. So you are not afraid of him. While a false note jars with hateful dissonance on the harmony of your affection, yet you rejoice in the thought that your friend's love



will aid you to less imperfect truth, and that, under his modulating touch, discords will at last blend into music.

It is difficult to tell what best evidences friendship. Love is the solvent of all things ; it holds in solution, as it were, every possibility of devotion, tenderness, helpfulness ; some event occurs and the possibility is precipitated into an act, a word, a silence. A slight thing may convey more meaning than a much greater thing. It is not quantity so much as quality that is precious. Deeds, however great, are not the stuff of which friendship is made, any more than food is the stuff out of which genius is made : all can eat, few can be geniuses or friends. But we cannot be either unless, when occasion demands, the food and deeds are ready. Yet if we fail even at the crucial moment, friendship should trust us, if we repent, beyond that failure. Where is there a greater instance of supreme confidence in a friend than Christ gave to Peter when, after Peter had denied him thrice, he gave him the opportunity to obliterate these denials by calling forth thrice the reassurance of his love and, moreover, taught him how to prove it ?

Christ said a man cannot do more than to give up his life for his friend, yet how many have died for those they knew not ! Witness the nurses and physicians who flock to a plague-stricken district. But by giving up one's life Christ may have meant, not death, but a living sacrifice. This indeed is a supreme test of friendship, for it is constantly recurring, never ending, and puts one's whole self to the proof. It is comparatively easy to die and be done with it, as the phrase goes, but to live day after day, week after week, year after year, and respond triumphantly to every test friendship can put upon one—this is to be a friend indeed.

But if few can be heroes, we can at least try to be genuine so far as we go, and this is the essential element of greatness. To be true, "never to relent, never to give one's self the lie," is the chief point.

"Being true unto thine own self,  
Thou art faithful, too, to me."

"Gracchus and Blossius," we are told, "were more friends than citizens. Having absolutely given up themselves to one another,

each held absolutely the reins of the other's inclinations." But no one has a right to give himself up to another so absolutely as to be governed by that other. History shows us in large examples how such surrender eventuates. Give up your conscience and will to the church, and you become a priest-pulled puppet; give them up to the state, and you become a slave; give them up to society, and it scorns while using you; give them up in the family, and you are trodden underfoot. A man must stand like Coriolanus, "as if he were author of himself and knew no other kin." Then, from this attitude of self-possession the gift of himself becomes royal; his friendship is of more worth to one happy enough to secure it than diamonds or crowns; it has no measure but its own—spiritual life.

To me, the illustrations of deepest friendship are these: A woman of sensitive conscience, unsparing self-condemnation, and an intense reserve, when confessing a sin to another said, "I would as soon you knew it as to know it myself." What surety of comprehension this betokens! It reminds one of Tennyson's adjuration to his dead friend, to be near him through all the throes of life; but then comes the doubt whether really he does wish his friend to see "the inner vileness" and "the hidden shame." Yet love triumphs.

"There must be wisdom with great Death;  
The dead shall look me through and through."

What makes the other instance greater is the fact that both were living, and the living have not the "larger, other eyes, to make allowance for us all."

To receive a confidence and shut it away so sacredly that its reflection may never be seen peering ghost-like from the mirrors of memory, even by the sensitive eye of the person who confided it, is a delicacy of friendship essential to its refinement. The dead indeed can be trusted not to remind us of our sins, but the living may make life a torture thereby, and confidence an unutterably bitter regret.

The second illustration is this: Two women were about to part for an indefinite period. One of them was in very unhappy circumstances and of a tempestuous nature. "Suppose," said she, "you should return five years hence and find me in a house of ill-

fame, what would you do?" "Go and bring you out," was the instant reply. It contains a great lesson, for such is the love that casteth out fear, and the faith that can move mountains.

The third example is of two men, one of whom alone was a true friend. It is told in "Sebastian Strome." Strome had led an evil life under the mask of goodness; he had committed crime, but at last became thoroughly ashamed of it. On the point of doing what he could to expiate it, he revealed himself in all his vileness to the friend who had revered him as a demigod, regarding himself as worthless in comparison. Overwhelmed by the revelation, Smillet's love broke out in the cry, "I'd rather have done it myself!" As a spontaneous expression of deep friendship it would be hard to find anything its superior.

All of these instances may seem as of small consequence compared to the action of Aretheus, but to me they indicate a far higher reach of personal friendship. They indicate; that is all. The weather-vane tells the way of the wind better than something less sensitive. The compass is insignificant compared to the waste of waters in mid-ocean, but it indicates where lies the harbor and safety.

And this brings us to the duties of friendship, for to be a compass in troubled waters is one of the chief offices of friendship.

Duties are based on principles. No matter how stately the superstructure may be, nor how fair the Palace of Delight, nothing truly human has its foundation elsewhere than on principle. The animal is beneath principle because unconscious of it (alas, that man has so much of the animal in him yet!); the divine may seem to transcend it; but this is only seeming. The divine weds principle to love and so makes principled action, spontaneous action—the perfect law of liberty, the truth that maketh free.

The ethics of friendship, then, are sincerity, fidelity, regard for the other's welfare, and trust.

Caprice and insincerity between friends cut both ways, for it would be more just to blame one's self, at least partly, for the mistake made in the choice of the friend and the ensuing disappointment, than to blame wholly the fickle or false person. Intelligent perception is quite as essential as devotion. How can one expect seed to take root where there is no earth? If we sow our seed,

no matter how plentifully, on barren rocks, who is to blame that it does not spring up and bear fruit ?

As to fidelity, while the close relationship of friends endures, it is easy to be true. But let a strain come and our principles are tested. If a friend falls away from one's esteem and respect, and all efforts to recall him prove useless, what then ? It is sometimes the highest office of friendship to end it. If a man palters with his own soul, shall his friend palter with it also ? Shall he not rather uphold the soul, having faith in its survival of this degradation, and refuse to recognize the evil mask as the true man ? "You are as though dead to me," are bitter words to say, but they may be the precursor of resurrection ; the reviving trumpet-call to one indeed dead in trespasses and sins. Then how gladly will the grave-clothes be stripped off, and the man clothed in rich raiment and seated at the friend's right hand or held in his close embrace !

Just in which way friendship can be best served, however—whether by withdrawal or ceaseless endeavor to reform—is a question only the friend can decide. One must have great faith in the power affection gives him to say to another involved in sin, "I will come and take you out." For if he fails and still tries to maintain the attitude of friendship he confirms the man in his evil. Forgiveness to anything less than heartfelt repentance evidenced by action is encouragement of sin. If a man belies his own sense of right until it ceases to have any influence over his acts, and his intimates, becoming aware of his wrong-doing, put up with him as he does with himself, not demanding amendment of life as a condition of continued friendship, they have done what they can to harden his heart. "It is not so bad after all," he tells himself. "My friends know it and yet are my friends all the same."

Such persons have much to answer for. The world reflects the image a man casts therein ; but if the mirror is defective he gets a distorted view of himself and his judgment cannot help but err. It is of vital importance to everybody what others think of him, for each one is dependent on his fellows and each is responsible for his relations to others.

Let us then be not too ready to drop our friends ; let us do so only when we must. Let us remember that hope is a virtue as

well as faith and charity, and give him not only one opportunity but many to reinstate himself. Peter should be a great comfort to all of us, because he proved how repentance and trust can redeem the man. Two months after he had denied Christ thrice he stood on the temple steps and proclaimed him to the world. But we can hardly look for a quick Peter-like conversion in our faithless friend; there is not the merit in us to create it; let us then give him time, give him all the time there is, which is eternity, and in some part of it our trust will be justified.

Strome's friend gave utterance to an expression of the purest unselfishness and his cry is echoed down the ages. "Would I had died for thee, Absalom, my son!" And this is what the son of man and of God did. Vicarious life is the moving power of the universe. In God the personal and universal are united. "The strangest fact in the history of the world," says Prof. Davidson, "is the extraordinary personal love that Jesus excited in those who came in contact with him. They felt that in loving him they were loving the infinite God." This personal love was the center from which the vast circumference of Christianity, with its immeasurable superiority to all other developments in religion or culture, drew its life, and will forever. Man and God have become friends. We need not be servants unless we choose, though those "who will not ride in his chariot must drag in his chains." But we are offered the divine prerogative of friendship, and "so great a thing as friendship let us carry with what grandeur of soul we may."

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## ARISTOTLE'S DOCTRINE OF REASON.

BY W. T. HARRIS.

There are two points of view from which the human mind may contemplate the world. The first is the view of the world from the standpoint of sense-perception; the second, the view from the standpoint of the Reason or speculative insight. Sense-perception views the world as a congeries of particular things, each one an independent existence having its own being by itself, apart